UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Technocracy: A Proposed Road to a Better Social Order - - - *By Ralph Chaplin*

The Socializing of Religion - *James H. Cousins*

The Negro and the New Deal - - - - - - *Dorothy Walton Binder*

Technocracy and Christianity - *A. D. Weage*

In Old Kentucky - - - *Harold P. Marley*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

What Lack I Yet?

A young Roman of high rank in the army is speaking. The Roman Empire has just adopted Christianity as the state religion. He has unbounded ambition for preferment, and in order to find out what he must do to be a Christian, he has secured a parchment containing some sayings of Jesus. He is commenting aloud as he reads.

Let us see, then, what thou dost want of me, O Man of Galilee!

Whosoever believeth in me hath everlasting life.

To believe? I can will to believe! There are many gods in Rome; one more or less matters little.

That is a matter for the men of books. An' they say so, it is enough for me.

To bend the knee, to take the cup, and say the word? If that suffices, I can do it!

(He reads aloud.)

I am in the midst of you as one that serveth.

What is this? To serve? To bend my neck beneath a yoke?

Let slaves and women serve! I will rule. I was made for mastery.

Hast thou no leadership for men of might? No sword, no crown? Girt as a slave to wash the feet of peasants?

A basin and a towel for insignia? Ho! Ho! Truly thou makest merry, O Jesus!

What more is here?

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.

A cross? What have men of power to do with a cross?

A cross is to nail rebels on. 'Tis they who dispute our power who must bear crosses. And then hang on them.

This passeth my understanding.

It was a vile jest to paint thee with an ass's head, O Nazarene, but I begin to think it was not wholly jest after all.

Ah, I remember! Thou didst die on the cross thyself! 'Twas a foul deed that Pilate gave consent to.

But none need suffer now for thy

(*Continued on page* 239)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIII MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1934 Number 12

ASIA'S MESSAGE TO EUROPE

Whence this plaintive and mournful cry, which so profoundly distresses the patriot's breast? It seems that a whole continent is writhing in agony beneath the lash of oppression, and sending forth from the depths of its heart a deep wail of woe. Who is it that weeps? Do ye hear? It is India that weeps. Nay, not India only; all Asia cries. Behold the sweet angel of the East, into whose beauty the very colors of heaven seem to have been woven, the fair East, "in russet mantle clad," lies prostrate, a bleeding prisoner! Who can measure the length and breadth, the height and depth of Asia's sufferings? She has no peace; she knows no consolation. And what is the burden of her complaint? The desperate onslaughts of Europe's haughty civilization, she says, have brought sorrow into her heart, ignominy on her fair name, and death to her cherished institutions. Alas! Before the formidable artillery of Europe's aggressive civilization the scriptures and prophets, the language and literature of the East, nay her customs and manners, her social and domestic institutions, and her very industries have undergone a cruel slaughter. The rivers that flow eastward and the rivers that flow westward are crimson with Asiatic gore; yes with the best blood of oriental life. Enough. Stay, Europe, desist from this sanguinary strife. No more war. This flag of the New Dispensation I hold before thee is a flag of truce and reconciliation. There shall be no more war, but henceforth peace and amity, brotherhood and friendliness.

—Keshub Chunder Sen.

To write about the vast explosion in Austria at the moment when its repercussions are still being heard, and no estimate of its damage is possible, is of course foolish. But such an event, of immeasurable consequence to all mankind, cannot be ignored. It must be mentioned in this place, if only for the sake of the record. Our pen moves to the reverberation of despatches telling that Dollfuss is dead, Vienna cut off from communication with the outer world, Italian troops moving to the Austrian border, etc. What it all means, as regards the future, no one can say at this time, but everybody will know when this editorial is read. It looks at the moment like a second Sarajevo just twenty years after the first. The march of Italian troops into Austria sounds ominously like the march of Austrian troops into Serbia in 1914. But however this may be, certain things are sure as regards the present. The Nazis are on the rampage again. The Venice pact of Hitler with Mussolini has been made a scrap of paper. Germany and Italy are at swords' points drawn over the fate of Austria. Czecho-Slovakia is in terror, and France ready for instant action. Not since Hitler came to power have we had such evidence of his determination at any cost to defy Europe, and carry out his far-flung purposes for German predominance on the continent. What is surprising is not that this Nazi blow has fallen in Vienna, but that it has fallen so soon. Such precipitance, following hard upon the violent suppression of the recent uprising in Berlin, argues not so much ruthlessness as desperate urgency. The climax is at hand, no doubt about that! Meanwhile, Dollfuss, cruelest of the dictators of our day, is gone. We can feel little sympathy for this man personally. When in cold blood he slaughtered the Vienna Socialists, he prepared for himself this fate. Yet must we mourn for his devoted wife and innocent children, and for the country which its Chancellor so wantonly betrayed. And always must we confess that assassination, on any excuse, is damnable.

President Roosevelt at his best is an incomparable figure. We think him at his best on this semi-official vacation trip to the island possessions of the United States and neighboring countries. We marvel a bit that any man as greatly in need of rest, relaxation and refreshment as the chief executive of this nation during the last year and a half, should want to go through even one of these receptions and celebrations which are staged whenever he sets foot upon the shore. But Mr. Roosevelt takes them all magnificently in his stride, so to speak, and actually seems to enjoy them. As for the long days at sea, we revel in the thought of what they must mean to a man who loves the ocean as does the President. As for the visitation to the Virgin Islands, Port Rico, Panama, Hawaii, and points west and south, we can imagine nothing more generally wholesome. Mr. Roosevelt has an infinite capacity to charm and delight and spread abroad goodwill. Wherever he goes, and stays, on this long trip, he will leave behind him an immeasurable gain in the general atmosphere of time and place. If Latin-American relations are not the best that history has ever known, it will not be because of any fault of this present

administration. It is true, as has been said, that the return trip across the continent will give the President a first-class chance to talk politics, and thus launch impressively the fall campaign. But what of it? Has not the President a right to go before his fellow-citizens and state his case? And what can be better than for the leader of the Republic to visit the nation now and then, and thus know something of the land and the people he rules? We even find comfort, as we consider this altogether delightful presidential episode, in the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has taken a warship and shown that, for once at least, such a vessel can be useful. All in all, in this period of dreadful uneasiness and fear, we are glad to look upon this happily idyllic occasion. It helps us to carry on!

We might as well recognize that the labor situation in this country today is the most serious that the country has ever known. The San Francisco upheaval is no chance or accidental phenomenon. Rather is it a sign, or symptom, of forces at work in the nation's life which may break out anywhere at any time. At the heart of the present trouble is, of course, the collapse of the famous 7a paragraph in the NRA code agreements. If anything makes the heart sicker than hope deferred it is hope betrayed. Rightly or wrongly, organized labor feels that the administration has defaulted on a contract solemnly signed and sealed with the workers. They saw in the early days of the New Deal a new era in the history of labor in America—labor organized under law, and thus for the first time empowered to secure and sustain working and living standards worthy of a free people! But now they discover this vision to have been a mirage. The administration either never intended to play the game with labor, or else has not been able to do so. In either case, the workers have awakened to the fact that they must fight if they are to retain what they have so painfully won in years gone by, to say nothing of wresting any gain out of the New Deal. And the fight has begun with a determination and defiance which shake the country. Even the A. F. of L. is at last militant! But this is not the whole of the story. Deeper than any present trouble springing from present conditions lies the new consciousness of the workers, a consciousness which can only be described as revolutionary. There was a time when the trades unions sought for nothing more than hours a little shorter and wages a little higher. Labor accepted capitalism, and asked only that it be given a somewhat larger share of the spoils. But now the system itself is being challenged. More and more workers are demanding a new social order. This is revolution—and with hammer and scythe it is beating at the gates.

The general strike, like the boycott, is a terrible weapon, involving the entire community and therefore innocent as well as guilty. Whether it should ever be used is fair subject for debate; that it should never be used except under fearful provocation is indubitable; that, if used, it must be used with utter rigor, even ruthlessness, if it is to succeed, is certain. General strikes seldom win for the simple reason that labor is too humane, too merciful, to carry through the cruel necessities of the situation. In the great general strike in 1926 in England, for example, the strikers had the whole country in their hands. They had only to "stick," to let darkness and famine take their course, and the government would inevitably have granted the terms demanded. But within a few hours the leaders lost their nerve, and defeat was instant. The same thing happened in San Francisco. This fight was doomed before it began by the refusal of the leaders to stop all food deliveries, paralyze the railroads, and shut down the gas and power houses. The moment these leaders began to concede these exceptions to the general law of stoppage it was all over. Their action, infinitely to their credit as men, was utterly to their discredit as strike leaders. In Milwaukee recently occurred what the *World Tomorrow* calls a "general strike—new style." In this city the striking employes of the Electric Railway and Light Company meant business, and rallied workers and citizens to their support. No official or formal general strike was called, but "the mass pressure of groups of workers of all kinds" proved more effective than anything that was so half-heartedly done in San Francisco. When light and power began to fail in Milwaukee and surrounding cities, the Company speedily capitulated, and the strike was won. As plain as the nose on one's face is the proposition that no general strike should ever be called unless labor is absolutely united, knows what it is doing, and is willing to carry through to the bitter end.

What is frightening in all these labor disputes which are convulsing the nation is not the attitude of labor but rather the attitude of capital. This was to be a "new deal," please remember. The workers were to get a larger share of the profits of industry. They were to have the right to organize in their own interest. Cooperation, not conflict, was to be the law of the new regime, and labor, therefore, an equal partner with capital in the national enterprise. But has capital accepted this idea? Are the employers joining with the administration in welcoming the glad day of prosperity and happiness? On the contrary, nothing is more apparent than the appalling fact that the industrialists throughout the nation are of the same spirit that they have always been. They do not, or will not, see that anything has happened. Relieved of the control of the anti-trust laws, granted full power in the

management of their business under the codes, they have straightway jacked up prices, monopolized profits, and denied labor even those elementary rights which have been won through a half century of sacrifice. So far as their labor policy is concerned, the employers show no slightest realization that industrial and social conditions are not the same as in the good old days. It is their simple faith, apparently, that capitalism is going to be restored, with labor reduced to that early status of serfdom from which, in recent years, the workers have been winning release. These employers, in other words, are industrial troglodytes who would use their present power to reestablish the system which crashed to ruin in 1929. If the administration is to be blamed in this situation it is for trusting the employers to understand the "new deal," and to cooperate with labor under its terms. It is also to be blamed for refusing to enforce the famous 7a clause in the code agreements, and thus abandoning labor to the mercies of a benighted and ruthless capitalism. What wonder that labor revolted in the face of such betrayal! But the attitude of capital in this critical era is, we repeat, the appalling circumstance of the hour. If any one thing can bring revolution to America, this is it.

There may not be a "brains trust" in Washington, but there are brains at work in that city, and it is Professor Tugwell who has a good share of them. This man's appearance before the Senate Committee in June was a sensational affair which hardly did him credit, for the Professor had little difficulty in handling the type of gray matter, if any, which his senatorial inquisitors presented to him. Much more important are Professor Tugwell's recent speeches, especially as viewed in the light of his scholarly activities before he entered the field of political administration. It is significant that, in the year gone by, this man has steadily grown in influence and importance in the Roosevelt entourage, while others, such as Moley and Berle, have swiftly faded out of the picture. Professor Tugwell evidently has what these men do not have—a political capacity to match his scholarly attainments. He is a statesman, in other words—the type of statesman not uncommon in England but almost unknown here. Every utterance of Professor Tugwell shows not only ability, but courage, vision, and profound understanding of his work. He is a realist to the core, but at the same time an idealist who looks steadily at the goal ahead while still he is bogged in the difficult conditions of a chaotic world. If we have any criticism of Tugwell, it is of his willingness to accept such desperate remedies as the AAA, such futile follies as the NRA. But perhaps he knows better than we do the reasons for what is being done—that the AAA is simply jettisoning cargo to keep a sinking ship afloat, and the NRA simply a temporary device for reorganizing a demoralized and panic-stricken crew. That Professor Tugwell would have done any of these things in favorable political and economic weather, we cannot believe. For he is a real "social planner." He sees, if nobody else sees, and whether he himself will publicly admit it or not, that a new type of collective society must be built to take the place of the wrecked capitalism of the past. Does the President see this, too? Will the nation follow Tugwell where he would lead? These are great questions of the hour.

Some months ago, as our readers will remember, Dr. L. P. Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal,* accomplished author and thinker, and an influential Unitarian leader, spoke in Liverpool Cathedral at the invitation of the enlightened Bishop, the Right Reverend A. A. David, the Dean, F. W. Dwelly, and the Canon, C. E. Raven. This appearance of a Unitarian in an Anglican pulpit caused a tremendous stir. Violent protest was made by Lord Hugh Cecil, who wrote the Archbishop of York that the event was "a scandal in the face of Christendom." The Bishop of Durham and other churchmen lifted up their voices in horror and dismay. At last, so great was the rumpus, the whole affair was referred to the supreme court of the Established Church, the Upper House of the Convocation of York. There, after furious debate, it was solemnly decided a few weeks ago, that Unitarians are not Christians, and that they may not hereafter occupy any Anglican pulpit. It happens that the sermon preached by Dr. Jacks on the famous Liverpool occasion has just been published in this country—in his latest volume, entitled "Elemental Religion." One wonders, as one reads Dr. Jacks's noble and uplifting discourse, just why such a preacher is not a Christian, and who suffers if such preaching is excluded from English cathedrals. One wonders still more about the significance of the episode as one reads the full account, with verbatim documents, as published with excellent editorial comment in the July 21st issue of the *Christian Leader.* Especially impressive is the noble letter of apology to Dr. Jacks from the Dean and the Canon of Liverpool, and Dr. Jacks's equally noble reply. The English Church is not without hope of redemption so long as it has churchmen of this stripe in its service, nor is Dr. Jacks without valid claims to Christian fellowship so long as "charity" remains the greatest of Christian virtues. Meanwhile, the comment of the editor of the *Christian Leader* remains all-sufficient: "A great king, in a little country not far from England, once remarked in his slow, kindly way, 'Some of these bishops think they are living in the Middle Ages.'"

Proposed Roads to a Better Social Order

No. 9. Technocracy

Technocracy entered the field of organization at a time when the world was already surfeited with movements and schismatic offshoots of movements. On the face of it it looks like "another one of those things." If Technocracy were not distinct from the many competing and contradictory organizations now bidding for public attention there would be little excuse for its existence. A close and dispassionate examination will show that Technocracy, while retaining points of similarity to all movements of social betterment, is fundamentally different in concept, methodology and goal from all those mentioned or any that we know anything about. This is what makes it so easy to understand and so difficult to explain.

When Technocracy first attracted the attention of the nation, Socialists, Communists, Liberals, or what have you, all wagged their heads and said gravely, "Ah ha! this sounds familiar. Technocracy is merely the old stuff under a new name." But they were all wrong. Technocracy is neither warmed-over Socialism nor Communism; nor is it a rehash of all these theories put together. In a word, Technocracy is the scientific approach to the social problem. And the word "scientific" must be understood to mean physical, not theoretical, science.

Technocracy attempts to displace speculative philosophy with demonstrable facts in support of its claims. Instead of theses, slogans and manifestoes, it uses charts, graphs, and tables of figures. In other words, Technocracy attempts to use the approved methods of the engineer and laboratory scientist instead of the methods of the social theoretician.

This method is unquestionably unique, for the first time in history a move is on foot to get the scientists and engineers of the country to view a single problem —in the light of their diverse and highly-specialized understanding. And, as scientists and engineers, they are expected to make a rigidly objective operational analysis of the forces that expedite or retard the efficient operation of the physical equipment of this continental area. For this purpose exact definitions and unvarying methods of quantitative measurement are needed. The thing they hope to accomplish by this means is to find out what makes the wheels go round—and what makes them stop as they have stopped at present.

With this distinctly functional purpose in mind it is only natural that the scientist and engineer would find the methods of the non-functional theorist inadequate. This difference in approach to the subject is more fundamental than appears at first glance. Not only a new method is used to "shoot the trouble," but an entirely different conclusion is reached and a different course of action charted. Economists and "social scientists" of all shades and colors start with the assumption that, to get at the seat of the trouble, heroic efforts must be made to analyze, understand, and control the money element involved in the production and distribution of goods. This includes labor. The operationally-minded Technocrat rejects this viewpoint, calling attention to the fact that money is a variable rather than a constant standard of measurement—that it has no relationship whatever to the physical factors involved in the processes of production and distribution. Technocracy denies that an understanding of modern industry and modern technological conditions or problems can be gained from "Value, Price and Profit," "Capital"—or even the "New Deal."

It is not that Technocracy lumps together the "social scientists" and economists, radical and liberal and conservative; the fact is that these very plausible gentlemen have lumped themselves together by agreeing to use a non-functional approach and non-functional understanding in attacking a purely functional problem.

Just as Technocracy eliminates the money-minded theoretician, so does it eliminate the politically-minded reformer and revolutionist—and for the same reason. Economists and politicians, the political state, and that "rubber yard-stick" known as the dollar are in the same sad fix. From the standpoint of what it takes to "make the wheels go round" in a high energy social order, they just don't count any more. The Constitution was written in the days of the ox-cart, by candlelight, with a crow-quill pen. "The Wealth of Nations" and "Das Kapital" were written when mass production, instantaneous communication, aerial navigation and technological unemployment were remote possibilities. As Technocracy sees it, ox-cart or horse-and-buggy ideas are not very helpful in an age of water turbines and high voltage, super-power equipment.

Technocracy goes further than that. Technocracy points out that Socialists, Communists, and Liberals alike are operationally as well as theoretically helpless when confronted with the complexities of our present wellnigh automatic, super-power, machine-civilization. The claim is made that the physical equipment of this continental area must either be turned over to men who understand it and know how to run it, or a social tail-spin is inevitable. This new sense of operational responsibility is refreshing, particularly so at the present time when the claims and counter claims of multitudes of disputatious economic and political witch-doctors fill the air.

Socialists, Communists, and Liberals alike say that the Technocrats will find themselves ditched and discredited (or worse) if they insist on attempting to operate the machinery upon which a hundred and twenty-five million men, women, and children depend for life and security. Technocracy asks standpatter, reformer, and revolutionist alike to ask themselves honestly if they are prepared to assume such responsibility.

"Wouldn't Technocracy, as the scientifically administered social order be almost identical with Socialism, Communism?" is a question frequently asked. The answer is "no." Technocracy points out that there is a great deal of difference between the abolition of capitalism and the abolition of the price system. In this respect Technocracy is so red that it makes the ultra-red of the labor movement look positively pink. For it must be remembered that neither Socialists nor Communists, here or in Europe, have any intention of doing away with either price or with the price system as a whole. In a Technocracy, human effort is not appraised in terms of "labor hours." According to the Marxian formula wage of every kind, including the wage system itself, is left out of the picture. Equality of income is to be the rule, not because it is "just" or "fair," but because it happens to be the only method

that will "work." The energy certificate is not a new form of money; it is merely a method of bookkeeping used to enable the Industrial administration—the Tecnate—to adjust productive equipment to the needs of the population. In a Technocracy everyone, from birth to death, will be as sure of food, clothing and shelter as he now is of the air he breathes. The equivalent of $20,000 a year per capita is the amount considered possible for every citizen of the new Industrial Social order.

"What message has Technocracy for the millions now unemployed?" is asked. Simply this: The price system, staggering under a constantly increasing burden of debt-claims against industry (at present 238 billions of dollars) and the accelerated displacement of man hours by kilowatt hours (at present 16 million jobless), is not functioning and can't function. Technocracy predicts that this industrial and political condition will become increasingly acute, terminating in complete paralysis. Technocracy asks all persons of all degrees of functional competence to stand by, jealously guarding the industries and ready to man and operate them in a disciplined organized manner. When the industries are started up they will operate continuously, on a balanced load principle—4-hour day, 4-day week, and jobs for everybody. With our present population of capable workers and personnel, two months' work a year from each citizen of industry are considered all that will be necessary. The more workers available for the job, the greater the prosperity for all, and the less in time and energy required from each one. Needless to say, poverty, unemployment and insecurity of income will be banished forever.

"Mass production, mass consumption, mass leisure." This is what Technocracy proposes in place of what we have at present. A world without bankers, mortgage-sharks, stock gamblers, landlords or politicians. A world in which science will solve the problem of distribution, just as it has already solved the problem of production.

Howard Scott claims that Technocracy is the fastest growing movement in the country at the present moment. What the actual figures are we do not know. But we do know that a large part of this membership comes from the middle class which the distinctly radical organizations have neglected entirely or have been unable to contact. Middle class dissatisfaction might, in America, become a powerful driving force back of a potential Fascist dictatorship. If Technocracy can manage to swing this discontent away from the preservation of the status quo and in the direction of the abolition of the Price System, it will have rendered a service of inestimable value to the establishment of a sane, efficient and scientific social order.

At all events this new and unique movement will bear close watching. All persons interested in the growth of an Industrial Commonwealth designed to displace the present system of political and industrial mismanagement will no doubt follow its development with great interest.

RALPH CHAPLIN*

*Radical poet and revolutionary industrial unionist.

The Socializing of Religion*

The ultimate appeal for social selflessness is to the aspirational nature of humanity; the inborn impulse to enlargement of experience and consciousness which is the sign of the imprisoned "God in man." At the present stage of evolution of the vast majority of human individuals the common expansive impulse is directed towards the objective material satisfactions of the lower desires. From this comes war within the individual, and its mass-expression in international conflict. But conflict, being destructive, threatens to destroy the very means to its satisfaction. Hence, as safeguards against disintegration, in individual life, fasts, diets, retreats, pledges of abstinence; in collective life, laws and penalties; in international life, treaties, alliances, pacts, diplomacy—the expedients of imperfection that a sudden expansive impulse may disrupt.

From time immemorial the effort to direct human aspiration inwards and upwards, towards enlarged experience and satisfaction of the higher desires of humanity, and a relationship of co-operative unity with all phases of the universal life, has come from the religious. Unfortunately that effort has been almost completely negated by the elemental pull in the opposite direction. The experiences of the inner nature and the intimations of the intuition, which in all times and places are the same, have been recorded and interpreted in terms of exclusive theological systems and patented redemptive schemes; spiritual expansion has been diverted into sacerdotal contraction; the idealistic consummation of the unity of the individual life with the universal life has been obscured by the so-called realistic allurement of an eternity of separate self-indulgence in glorified sensuousness.

Yet, through all the falsification of human aspiration in the mutual exclusiveness of creeds, there glimmers a hope that can never come from the mere organization of humanity for the gratification of external individual needs or group ambitions. There is no hope of world-peace in democracy or autocracy as such, in socialism or capitalism as such, in communism or fascism as such. But there *is* hope in the universal declaration of religion of the essential unity of all manifestations of the One Life, and in a technique of action and organization based on that demonstrable unity.

What an impulse it would give towards world-peace if the leaders and followers of the various religions and denominations would live out to their utmost the central affirmations of their faith; not the accidents of interpretation, but the declarations of universal verity which have been attributed either by illumination or as matters of fact to their founders! "Whoever beholds all living creatures as in Him, and Him as in all, henceforth regards no creature with contempt," says an Upanishad; and India has had to wait for a saint to be imprisoned, and to risk the supreme sacrifice of his life for his fellows, in order to bridge the gulf of millennia between one class and the others in the social life of Hinduism, and thus to bring nearer social peace in India and peace between India and Britain.[1] "Be

*The author of this article, Dr. Cousins, is Principal of Madanapalle College, Madras, India.—Editor.

1. Mahatma Gandhi and his fast for the social liberation of the untouchables.

like unto brothers, one in love, one in holiness, and one in zeal for the truth," was the Buddha's command to his followers; and eastern Asia awaits its fulfilment.[2] Jesus Christ summarized the Mosaic decalogue in the inclusive commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." He did not thus enunciate three loves, one of God, one of one's neighbour, and one of oneself; but a single love, which, being directed towards the all-embracing Godlife, includes all phases of that One Life, and extends one's neighborhood beyond the city, the country, the continent; yes, even beyond the borders of humanity to include the so-called sub-human creation—for, let there be no doubt about it that humanity will not deserve or obtain social or international peace while even the idealistically minded among it countenance or patronize the cruel, cowardly, bloodthirsty exploitation of the animal kingdom for the purposes of spurious science, savage sports and superfluous sustenance. The Prophet Mahomed put the whole matter on a basis of spiritual economics when He declared that "whoso is saved from his own greed shall prosper," whereas the nations now seeking peace are deflected from the possibility of obtaining it, by the efforts of their leaders to stimulate trade through the development of human greeds and artificial means to their satisfaction.

An Irish friar of the early eighteenth century saw the matter of peace with a clear eye. He had quarreled with an Englishman; but, being a spiritual idealist and a poet, he settled the matter by writing to his friend the enemy a poem (in Irish) which contained the following lines:

> Offer your prayers, then, to God with pure contrition,
> and I will pardon you now all you have done to me;
> And I ask you to pardon me, so that we may win the
> peace of God through being at peace with each other
> in this vale of tears, and that we may not walk the
> path of folly.

Yes, the Peace of God (the synthesis of outer and inner) can only be attained when peace is established between human beings. But the law works also the other way: there can be no peace for humanity save to the extent that it is based on the aspiration to establish peace with God; to bring all human actions and relationships into line with the law of unity in the One Life.

Millions of Christians for hundreds of years have had given to them the benediction: "May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God . . ." Not many of them, it is to be feared, understood that that "peace of God" is the peace of inner unity, beyond the logic of realistic understanding; and that it is to be attained only when the mind and heart are directed towards the highest, towards "the knowledge and love of God," and towards the fulfilment of that knowledge and love in human relationship; that is, in the socializing of religion.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

2. A reference to Japan's relationships with Korea and China.

The Negro and the New Deal

Most northerners have romantic ideas of the South. The average traveler visits the historic coastal towns in spring time when the magnolias and rhododendrons, the fruit trees and wistaria make the hospitable old homes look their loveliest. But there is another South not often visited that lured us. We wanted to see how The New Deal was affecting the lives of millions of whites and Negroes on cotton farms and in small towns. It had proclaimed a policy which for the South was nothing short of revolutionary. The NRA codes and the civil works program called for equal pay for equal work regardless of race or color. The cotton reduction program was presumed to help the Negro owner, the Negro tenant and sharecropper equally with his white neighbor. What was happening? Was the Negro at last getting a square deal out of the New Deal? For three weeks we toured the cotton belt in a Ford, traveling through ten states interviewing planters, tenants, sharecroppers, and day laborers. We talked to educators, government farm agents, welfare workers, politicians and local tradespeople.

Every town we motored through professed to be feeling a hundred per cent more cheerful than at the same time last year. The $160,000,000 which the government had showered on the South in the form of subsidies for acreage reduction had meant more and better business everywhere. In one Mississippi town we were told that the salesmen who last year asked for the cheapest room in the hotel were this year traveling in new cars with chauffeurs. Every commercial hotel in the large cities was crammed with salesmen and buyers.

Without exception the white cotton planters encountered in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee were enthusiastic about the government program. In Arkansas two planters beamed all over in voicing their confidence. They were optimistic about the Bankhead bill for licensing farms and fixing the amount of cotton each grower would be allowed to put on the market. When it was suggested that this control might lead to additional restrictions they only laughed and said, "The more the merrier." They expect such control will stabilize the market price of cotton so that it will not sink to the low levels of recent depression prices. The shifting of risk onto government shoulders is a relief planters welcome. Already the price of cotton has been doubled by government control.

Honest planters have found their pocketbooks fatter this year than they have been for the last four. Less scrupulous planters who are in the habit of exploiting their tenants find the government program an easy method for graft and favoritism. The government checks for last summer's plough-up money have long since been sent to the owners, but many of the tenants, especially Negro tenants, have never seen their share of the money. Protests on the part of the Negroes generally obtain no better satisfaction than an order to leave the plantation or in some cases a beating.

Under this spring's program of "land rental" such cheating by dishonest planters waxes even merrier. The scheme calls for "renting to the

government" or in other words not planting 35 to 40 per cent of the acreage normally planted in cotton. In backward communities we found that many tenants are being compelled to pay the landlord the same rental as in preceding years for 40 per cent less land. The landlord, however, keeps the government check amounting to 3½ cents for each pound of cotton he averaged per acre during the last five years. The tenant's income is reduced 35 to 40 per cent while his rental remains the same. The owner is thus appropriating two rentals, one from the government and the other from the tenant.

Negro owners, as well as tenants are the victims of grafting white men. When a committee of local white planters designated by the government comes around to estimate the acreage taken out of cotton production and the average yield per acre they have sometimes passed up Negro farmers altogether. The Negro thus gets no rental check and under the Bankhead bill he will be unable to sell legally the cotton he produces without paying a 50 per cent tax on it. Such a tax would thus be ruinous at present prices.

Some communities in the black belt are conscientiously governed by white men for the benefit of all concerned, but there are localities run by corrupt politicians who for years have dominated affairs for their own benefit. When they become committeemen representing Washington they have a new power. In several counties in Alabama these committeemen were found to be padding estimates of cotton production on their own and their friends' plantations and allotting low quotas to planters outside their clique especially Negro planters who have no voice in the affairs of the community. In Mississippi, however, both colored and white authorities agreed that the Negro farm owner was faring better under the rental program.

In a study of farm conditions between 1920 and 1930 in the four cotton states of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina, Dr. Benjamin Hubert of Georgia State College for Negroes found that while the total acreage increased 2.6 per cent the number of Negro landowners decreased 17 per cent. For the whole population the number of landowners decreased only 3 per cent in that decade. The Negro farm owner was being squeezed out even before the inauguration of the cotton program. Our study convinced us that the acreage reduction program will hasten the decline in Negro farm ownership.

These are some of the reasons why the white planter is pleased with the government cotton policy and why the Negro, particularly the intelligent Negro looks upon the future with deep misgivings.

The status of the Negro has undergone a subtle change in the South. James Weldon Johnson in his autobiography, "Along This Way," attributes it to the rise in power of the poor whites, "Between whom and the Negro there is an old antagonism based on the difference in their actual economic status under the slave system, an antagonism that then bore more heavily upon the poor whites than upon the blacks." Since Theodore Roosevelt's time the political prestige of the Negro has declined. Today the plantation Negro is probably worse off than he has ever been.

Numerically four-fifths of all the Negro population is still in agriculture and about 40 per cent of cotton farming is done by the colored man assisted by his family. The plantation system has undergone many changes since the Civil War. During the reconstruction days some of the larger plantations were divided into small farms. Some of these farms are owned by Negroes. Many larger plantations of 10,000 acres still exist and these are often worked entirely by Negroes. Their quarters are no longer clustered around the master's house as in slave times. Instead the plantation is peppered with small cabins, each Negro family living on the acreage for which he is responsible. Theoretically the planter does not own his Negroes, or "niggers," as he still calls them, but actually they are often held by debt, fear or ignorance.

W. E. DuBois in a conference held in Washington in 1933 on the Economic Status of the Negro said:

> Every time I hear the Negro farmer discussed I get mad. I want to throw things. I know that he faces the difficulties of all farmers today, but I know, too, that he faces more than that, he faces mob law, no schools, no vote, crop lien, usury and cheating. When a man discusses the Negro farmer and neglects or forgets to mention these facts I cannot believe in his sincerity. Of course, Negro farmers are stupid, slow and afraid—all the cream of swift intelligence, initiative and courage has run away or crawled away or lies murdered to fertilize southern soil.

As we drove through the cotton fields of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas the human scene hardly changed at all except that in some districts there were more tractors to do the plowing and occasionally it was obvious that a plantation owner took pride in building decent cabins for his tenants. But for miles and miles on both sides of bad roads a desert of bare, flat lands spread out as far as the eye could see with only an occasional clump of ill nourished pine trees to break the monotony. Plowing was beginning then in March but often there were great stretches of land covered with the brown stalks of last year's cotton. Pine board cabins, unchinked, unlined and always unpainted dotted the desert of fields. Seldom did they have windows, only holes shuttered crudely at night. Often they sagged on their brick underpinnings so that from afar they looked like the drawings of little children who have not yet learned the art of perspective. Frequently cotton stalks grew right up to the cabin doors. There was no room for a garden. The cabins generally of two rooms were built with a runway between. Into these crowd the average family of eleven from babe in arms to grandfather. The Negro has always been encouraged to have large families. He hopefully accepts the maxim that the more children he has the more hands there will be with consequently greater income. It works about the same as the platitude, "Two can eat as cheaply as one."

Generally a church as rickety and unpainted as the cabins and sometimes a schoolhouse were the only evidences of a social life and these were necessarily located at long distances from most of the tenants.

In sharp contrast was the headquarters of a plantation, ordinarily a comfortable and often a luxurious home with sheds and barns for the stock and farm implements.

Three kinds of farm labor have taken the place of the old time slave. There is the "managing tenant" the "sharecropper" and the "daily wage worker." The "managing tenant" supplies his own tools, mules and his labor. He pays his rent for his house and land, sometimes in cash, but more often in a share of the crop. The customary rental is one-third of the corn and one-fourth of the cotton.

The "sharecropper" on the other hand, is supplied with his tools and mule by the landlord. He offers nothing but his labor. For his rent and equipment he pays with one-half of his crop. The landlord, in both the case of the "managing tenant" and the "sharecropper" and as part of their mutual contract, is bound to advance living expenses over the non-productive months and until the crop comes in.

Every plantation has a commissary owned by the planter. Tenants would generally be forced through isolation and lack of transportation to buy at this commissary. In practice they could not remain on the plantation without patronizing the commissary. The prices are controlled by the planter and there is no law to say what he shall charge. The bookkeeping is done by the planter or his store manager. Often tenants do not know to what extent they are in debt. Against his account are charged the supplies he buys with interest at the rate of from 10 to 30 per cent added. A planter counts on advancing from $8 to $10 a month in supplies from February until the picking season.

The third category of plantation worker is the man who works by the day. He is most often used during the picking season. He lives where he can, probably boarding in an already overcrowded cabin or living in "shanty town" in the nearest village. His work is irregular and his wage a mere pittance. The average wage recently has been 50 cents a day for Negroes. In one locality in Alabama this was forced down to 35 cents. Out of this he must pay his own living expenses.

We turned off the highway one dark night into a rutty little farm road and stopped at the edge of a muddy swamp. A Negro friend was acting as our guide. "Better keep your lights off," he warned. "We don't want to arouse suspicion," and off he plunged into the dark across the muddy barrier to return shortly with a companion. By starlight we could just distinguish the outline of a spare, lanky Negro clad in a ragged shirt and patched overalls. There was something weird about that scene. Was I dreaming? Was this America or was it rather fascist Italy or Hitler Germany or Communist Russia where one looks always behind one, where one talks in whispers and is inordinately discreet and diplomatic. I learned that many plantation Negroes practice these precautions as a matter of everyday behavior.

Jim, the tenant, stood leaning against the Ford and told his story simply while we questioned him. He had been a sharecropper on a neighboring plantation of 500 acres for several years. In return for his labor he was supposed to receive one-half of the crop he raised. The landlord had advanced him money and food supplies until the crop was harvested charging him theoretically 10 per cent on all money loans and the same amount on supplies bought from the commissary. At the end of the harvest came the annual reckoning. Jim couldn't read or write but he knew there was something wrong with the landlord's bookkeeping. When the government sent the check for last year's plow-up of cotton the landlord cashed it and told his tenants he would credit their share on supplies at his commissary. This violated the stipulation of the government which declared that tenants should receive the cash money for living purposes.

Jim had produced 17 bales of cotton last fall. He had plowed up six acres for which $75 was due. He had also harvested 700 bushels of corn and seven tons of beans. He had kept in his head what he thought his debt was, $80 plus $12 for rental of cows. It was a blow to learn from his landlord that his indebtedness amounted to $562 with his credits deducted. Jim was bewildered. He reminded his landlord that he hadn't been paid for his bales of cotton from last year's crop. The landlord insisted that he had applied these also on Jim's debt. Jim pressed for proofs but at this the landlord grew angry and ordered Jim off the place. There was no recourse but to go. He and his wife and child (he had had four, but three were dead) had in desperation moved onto a small farm owned by a Negro. He was working for 50 cents a day. Sometimes there were three or four days a week of work, sometimes less, according to the weather.

How was Jim to get a fair deal? No Negro lawyers are allowed to practice in Alabama. The courts are run by white men. The Negro has no vote and no political influence. The local white committee which was supposed to represent the federal government in dealing with complaints such as Jim's was dominated by planters who took no interest in Jim's case. His only hope was in Washington and like many another ignorant, bewildered soul he had had a letter written to the President trusting that the New Deal really included him.

Meanwhile a constant fear beset him that his ex-landlord might discover that he had complained officially. He wouldn't like to be seen talking to white people, or to a colored man either for that matter. Look behind and all around you. Don't arouse suspicion. It was fortunate our lights were off.

Jim's economic status had been reduced from that of sharecropper to the more precarious one of a day laborer.

Mary and her husband Bert were buying a farm when Bert dropped dead one day while working in the fields. That was ten months ago. Mary's father, a fine stalwart old man came to take Bert's place and she told her landlord that they would continue making their payments on the farm. The landlord appeared enthusiastic and even assured Mary that a widow could not be legally dispossessed for two years anyhow. A few days ago without warning the landlord came and told her to move. Having no one to turn to she took her mule and tools and eight children and left. There was a new occupant of her house now and Mary thought the landlord had resold the farm although legally she holds the title. She had taken her case to a white lawyer in the nearby town but he wouldn't be bothered.

The shanty they had moved to has three small

rooms with an open fire place for cooking and heating. All the children had the whooping cough but notwithstanding this the two eldest were in the field beginning the plowing. The untilled ground needed a lot of attention before it would be ready for the planting. Although it was only March the school was already closed. Three winter months were all this district afforded in the way of education for its colored children. Mary had one eye on her mailbox as she chatted with us. She, too, had written to Washington and any day might bring a reply. But the white mail carrier in his Chevrolet car passed her by. Mary's status had been reduced from that of an owner to a sharecropper.

Celia was a giant of a woman with a strong, masculine face. "I ain't got no man anymore to fight for me so I got to fight for myself," she explained. Celia was a "managing tenant." She had a comparatively large cabin and sheds, owned her own tools and four mules and paid a flat cash rental of $225 a year to her landlady for fifty acres of cotton land. She had never owed anyone anything. But now something queer had happened. This spring she had rented twenty acres to the government as was requested, but the landlady was demanding the same rental for thirty acres as she had formerly asked for fifty. Moreover, the overseer had been around recently to the tenants and advised them that when the government cheques came their share would be "loaned" them without interest. Celia just couldn't get this clear in her head. She had expected to get the cash and to use it to cover her rental to the landlady and to live on the balance. When she went to the local administering committee in the town for an explanation they waved her away and told her they had nothing to do with her arrangements and she had better go to her landlady. Her landlady had merely threatened that she would have trouble at the gin if she didn't co-operate. "Ah jes got to go and lay me down an settle mah head," Celia declared, "cause jes now ah cain't make no sense outen this hyah government program."

In contrast to exploitation of the sort just described, there are, of course, plantations where landlords have sought to make life better for their tenants in a paternalistic sort of way. We visited one historic property where the cabins actually were substantial, where there were garden plots and occasionally a cow and a pig owned by the tenant. Here the tenants were kept apprised of how they stood financially with their landlord through a coupon system and we were assured that when the crop was good the tenants often got a substantial amount of cash after their debts were deducted. This planter estimated an annual labor turnover of from 10 to 15 per cent which he did not consider high. His attitude, however, was typical of the South. He confided to us that ever since his grandfather's time this whole proposition of cotton farming was a species of philanthropy designed to take care of a colony of Negroes originally slaves, but just as dependent now. "It's an easy life for them," he said. "Only ninety days out of the year of real labor. Rest of the time loafing, fishing, hunting—do what they like. For us it is just a nursing proposition. They're just like babies you know, ignorant, unmoral, lazy. When they get any money they spend it." He laughed. "They're the best spenders I've ever seen. They have gardens because we make them. We give them the seed and see that they plant it. We look after their health, too. Malaria is bad here and we had to parcel out a lot of quinine last year. Oh, yes, they pay for it. The last four years I've just carried 'em along—not made any money myself." Then with pride he showed us his city home, a magnificent southern mansion, with old Italian furniture and rare paintings, a swimming pool at the end of a lovely garden.

An editorial in the Memphis Commercial Appeal following a visit of Norman Thomas to plantations in Arkansas voiced the same sentiments.

"The South like other sections of the country has its share of shiftless. They live in poverty and squalor because they lack pride and industry. They do not want to better their condition and apparently are without incentive to do so. If they were otherwise disposed they could improve it.

"Land can be bought at a reasonable price and on long terms. The humblest cottage can be made comfortable and attractive inside and out if the occupant has appreciation for cleanliness and beauty. Such persons are not the product of an economic condition. They are a social product. They are a burden to the community."

A veteran social worker in Arkansas, herself from an old family in Tennessee, denies that this is true.

"The trouble lies with the planters," she said. "They have deliberately left the Negroes in ignorance and poverty. They have never taken any interest in their social welfare, in their becoming self-respecting citizens. They know that intelligent Negroes are a menace to the plantation system and from that system they have made their fortunes. It is a vicious system and I hope its death knell is not far away."

The easy life referred to was described by one sharecropper as follows. During the busy seasons a bell rings at the plantation at 4 a. m. Ten minutes later the worker must be at a central place to get his plough or other tools. He starts work without any breakfast. Later on his wife brings him food to the field. At 11:30 another bell rings and the worker has an hour for lunch. From then on he works until the sun is down. In popular parlance a man works from "Kin to cain't" or from the time he can see until the time he can't. Breaking up the land begins about February 1. Planting takes place in April. When the crop is up the weeding and thinning begins. This process is known as "chopping" and is done mainly by women and children. From the middle of July until September there is no work as far as the cotton crop is concerned. From September until December the harvesting takes place. The whole family helps in the cotton picking.

Cursed with poverty and ignorance, racked with pellagra, malaria, hookworm, tuberculosis and syphilis it would not be strange if the Memphis editor's charge of shiftlessness were true of every tenant family in the South. One day I accompa-

nied a colored woman agricultural agent to one of her club meetings. They met in Mrs. Brown's kitchen, a group of poorly clad, but enthusiastic women. The agent demonstrated how to make baked custard and then they discussed how to vary it with different flavorings. Carefully she explained how much healthier their families would be if they ate more of the things they produced themselves instead of limiting their diet to sow belly and cornmeal. The milk they threw to the pigs should be given to the children. They should eat more of their eggs and butter. They were surprised to learn that collard was good for humans to eat. They had always grown that too exclusively for the pigs.

This was a day of triumph for Mrs. Brown. Proudly she took us around, two little woolly headed toddlers clinging to her skirts, to show us the improvements she had made in her three-room cabin since the last club meeting. The woodbox had been painted a bright blue. An old packing box in which she stored blankets had been made into a dressing table with a ruffled curtain of cheap print. Rugs had been concocted from hemp flour sacks dyed red and taped around with blue. Hand made porch chairs caned with braided cornstalks stood on the veranda. Mrs. Brown's face shone with joy at our praise and she confided her next ambition—to build a model house on the plans of the department of agriculture.

Demonstration agents do not always have the encouragement of the landlords. A planter was asked permission one day to get all his tenants together to explain how to build sanitary toilets. "Humph," said the landlord scornfully. "Why do you want to bother with that. Let 'em go out to the bush with the rest of the stock."

With everything else unequal in the South it was to be expected that the Negro would get the short end of the relief programs and that somehow the NRA codes would adjust themselves to custom. Planters who had already filled their pockets with the cotton money the government had intended should benefit their tenants had no compunctions about grabbing off the relief funds that should have fed and clothed those same tenants. Unscrupulous local committees dominated by planters welcomed the idea of having government funds support their tenants during the idle seasons. Planters have always found the system of keeping their tenants on their land the year round advantageous even though they do not need them certain months of the year. The contract between planters and tenants has always been based on the assumption that the owner would advance the means of existence over the unproductive months so that the tenants would be on hand when needed. But how much better for the government to carry the tenants during that time! These planters saw to it that their tenants got on the CWA or other government work projects or received direct relief funds. When plowing season came they had their tenants removed from relief rolls so that they would have to go to work. In some cases we found that government projects consisted in improving roads and digging ditches on big plantations. Negroes who did this work were paid 35 to 50 cents a day, sometimes as high as 75 cents. This was not the stipulated rate for the region nor what the white man was getting for the same work. The pay rolls had to show the stipulated rate. Who got the rest? If Washington ever attempted an inquiry what Negro would care so little for his safety as to testify. Prosecution would not get far without local co-operation and of that there would be none. Washington executives with high ideals can do little or nothing when a political, economic and social system is sewed up as it is in many communities in the South. An outsider coming in to reform would soon find it healthy to leave. Recommendations from Washington that local relief committees be composed of a landlord, a tenant and a third person, sent the local white cliques in the Alabama black belt into gales of laughter. Imagine a "nigger" sitting on a committee with a white planter! A social worker in charge of direct relief in a large southern city said that white people in the South take for granted that Negroes can live on less than white people. He himself had had to fight against public opinion and politicians to administer rations impartially between whites and Negroes although the budget, presumably for whites, was based on bare subsistence level.

NRA codes are chiselled in the same spirit. These, however, do not apply to domestic or agricultural workers, the two fields in which the vast majority of southern Negroes are employed. In certain large industries and in some few smaller factories, stores and offices in the South, NRA has been observed without racial discrimination. But in the main various methods have been used to get around the codes. Bootblacks state that they are not hired by the shoe shop operator or owner of the barber shop, but have rented their equipment and are "in business for themselves." In some instances where the scale of wages has been raised according to NRA minimum the employer collects a refund from each of his employees. In restaurants cooks and waiters are charged for food and laundry. One man facetiously said that the Negro janitor in his office had been elevated to an "executive" under the code. "He is head of the draft department," he stated.

In spite of the fact that NRA seems to be honored in the breach rather than in the observance such men as Dr. Will Alexander, executive director of the Commission on Interracial Co-operation and Dr. R. R. Moton, president of Tuskegee Institute feel that the Negro race has benefited by the government standing for the principle of equality. Even though the principle is widely disregarded they feel that it is a precedent bound to affect the ancient southern point of view.

A college bred southern Negro of 36 when asked what changes he had seen in his own lifetime which stood for improvement of the Negro status in the South said that he could think of none except education. Education he admitted had made a wedge. It is still poor and unequal, but it is better than nothing. Negro rural schools in some places have only a three or four month session and one teacher may have to do for 100 children. The teachers are selected by a white committee and sometimes, exerting the old prejudice, they select the cheapest teacher possible. Negro children living long distances from their schools must walk. White children ride in buses to their eight and nine

month schools. State school superintendents sometimes forget that the state school tax for localities is supposed to be apportioned according to the child population and that colored children should have their due share. This informant like many other educated Negroes encountered on this southern pilgrimage feared the results of the cotton program for the Negro. Cutting down cotton production means that fewer workers will be needed. Negro workers will be the first to go. Unemployment of Negroes which has remained proportionately higher than for whites throughout the whole depression era will increase he believes. And yet in spite of the need for fewer farm workers the government plans to settle 2,000,000 more urban workers in rural areas. More relief after this relief is what this man envisions for the future.

DOROTHY WALTON BINDER.

Technocracy and Christianity

One thing is certain, if our desperately sick civilization perishes it will not be from lack of reforms, remedies, cure-alls, of which there seems to be no end. But it may quite conceivably go down to ruin because those to whom the masses of mankind look for light and leading, statesmen, teachers, churchmen, are among those who "having eyes see not, and having ears hear not." Every great civilization of the past that has failed and fallen has had its despised, unheeded "prophets without honor," its disregarded "handwriting on the wall." Our own perplexed, blind and blundering age has its prophets also and its "handwriting on the wall" blazoned in blood and fire but as in the past there have been too many eyes that will not see and ears that will not hear.

There is a word that has recently come to birth to claim a place in our thought—technocracy. Technocracy is not just another half-baked hasty-pudding panacea such as are already a glut on the world market. Although it stands out startling and spectacular in its uniqueness it has been long in the making and its roots strike deep in the solid soil of reality.

In a world madhouse of economic, political, social and industrial chaos it almost alone seems to have a sane, clear, irrefutable explanation of our distressing world predicament. But not only is it unique in its convincing realistic diagnosis of our disease but in the simple remedy it offers a remedy scientific in the last degree, and at the same time one that satisfies the demands of the loftiest idealism.

Again it is unique in the source from which it springs. It has come neither from the glittering gold-veneer top nor from the heady, theorizing, moralizing, philosophic fringe, nor from the sunken, victimized dregs of our unbalanced social structure. It has come from those whose keen and well trained minds have neither been perverted, or poisoned, by the lure of degrading luxury at the top, nor deadened and embittered by degrading poverty at the bottom.

The basic principles of Technocracy can easily be grasped by the simplest mind, yet its implications are far-reaching. Extravagant praise? Fantastic claims? No so. The foundation facts of Technocracy will stand the cold, unemotional, high-powered searchlight of keenest criticism. Technocracy craves and courts thorough investigation of its every claim. Its sponsors most earnestly believe it has "come to the kingdom" for just such a time as this. They are certain that the affairs of men are just now at that flood tide when its message is most greatly needed.

The leaders of Technocracy make no claims to a transcendent idealism or to moral and spiritual leadership but the moral, spiritual and religious implications of Technocracy are tremendous, far-reaching and perfectly apparent to any who will take the trouble to investigate. If those who are the assumed guardians and leaders of the spiritual interests of mankind refuse to see, recognize, and act upon these higher implications they will be, it seems to me, blind indeed.

Christian people and their leaders are at long last awakening to the fact that the cause of vital christianity is everywhere being subtly undermined, crippled, frustrated by the unchristian economic system, in which we are all so deeply entangled. We have discovered that the innate principles of the private profit, capitalist way of life in which we all live and move are eternally at war with the basic principles of christianity. The result of this has been that capitalism with its inevitable wars, industrial conflicts, social inequalities, economic disasters and world chaos—this capitalism which the church has tried in vain to penetrate, purify and christianize, has instead poisoned and paganized the church until its standards can scarce be distinguished from those of the great competing, self-seeking, warring world without.

The fact is the churches are trying to do an utterly impossible thing. They are trying to bring the Kingdom of God on earth, through and by means of the machinery of an unchristian social system. They are trying to cast out Beelzebub through Beelzebub. Under our capitalist social system the great essential ideals of brotherhood, love, forgiveness and humility become a mere mockery or are made wellnigh impossible of fulfilment. Genuine christianity simply cannot continue to live, breathe and grow while all tangled up in our present pagan economic system.

Right here is where Technocracy, with its sane common-sense economics, its rejection of the whole private profit system, its noble idealism, comes in and should command the attention of every christian man. I do not know whether or not the leaders of Technocracy are religious men, but if the most intelligent, ardent and devoted christians had come together and formulated an economic program or system which would be in accord with the most vital christian ideals and principles, I do not see how they could have done better than was done in the technocratic program. With scarcely any exaggeration the program of Technocracy might be called christian economics or economic christianity.

Technocracy rests on the great, broad, human principle that the primary purpose of any just economic system, by which it must be judged, is to supply the material needs of every person living under that system. It points out the ghastly failure of our present economic system to do this and plainly tells how and why and where it fails and where and why and how it must be changed. In other words, Technocracy recog-

nizes practically just what every christian church recognizes theoretically that the welfare of human personality is the supremely important thing always and everywhere.

Technocracy proclaims that the pauperizing and degrading of millions of human personalities in bread and unemployment lines, in the midst of abundance and idle machines, is utterly unnecessary, stupid and criminal. Like fundamental christianity, Technocracy recognizes no classes among men. Under a capitalist system the christian ideal of brotherhood struggles for life in vain, under a competitive, greedy, degrading luxury or debasing poverty or becomes an empty sanctimonious pretense. Under Technocracy human brotherhood would have freedom to grow and flower because recognized as a natural economic right, one of the laws of life the breaking of which brings disaster.

"Call no man master, for one is your master and all ye are brethren." This fundamental christian concept has been growing down the ages and men have struggled from one set of masters only to be enslaved by another until today men struggle under a master-slave complex still, in a slavery less absolute in some ways, but none the less real and degrading, than that of industrial slavery. This industrial slavery bound up with our private profit system, like all past forms of slavery, sins against human personality. Here again the program of Technocracy offers, for the first time in history, escape from the last vestige of that ancient crime—the enslaving of one human or one class by another.

Another command of Jesus that our competitive profit system has made it difficult to take seriously is that command to his disciples: "Take no anxious thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed." How hard—how incomprehensible or even ridiculous—such advice must appear to millions of hungry, workless, ragged men in our stupid unjust economic system. But under a sane system such as Technocracy offers in a world overflowing with an abundance of goods of every conceivable kind, of marvelously productive machines, of millions of skilful hands longing for work, there could be no slightest reason for any man, woman, or child to be anxious about food or clothing or any of the comforts of life.

Our worldly-wise men of the old discredited school of economics and the financial wizards of collapsing capitalism will tell you in one breath that the program of Technocracy is too simple, childish, utopian and altogether ridiculous to be worth considering, and in the next breath just as positively affirm that it is too terribly difficult and complex to be practical. Certainly, just as the early message of christianity was to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness, so the gospel of Technocracy is a stumbling block and foolishness to our profiteering prophets.

But too often have their prophecies proved utterly false and their counsels shown to be counsels of foolishness for thoughtful men to be longer deceived by them. Our wiser men, whose sight is single and uncorrupted, tell us that the plan of Technocracy is not one-hundredth part as complex and confused as the private profit system which has brought our world to the edge of chaos, and so far from being foolishness is but the simplest, sanest, plainest common sense. In its fundamental righteous principles it is like that way foretold by an old time prophet, "and it shall be called a way and a highway wherein a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

There seems little doubt that we are at the parting of the ways between a dying and a newborn age. It is a supreme testing time for all human institutions and especially so for the christian church.

The one great need of our bewildered, blundering world is a practical, realistic application of the fundamental social teachings of Jesus to our economic, industrial, political, national and international life. But in order to do this effectively we need a new economic social instrument to work with and through. The old cracked, decayed, ill-odored wineskins of our capitalist private profit system cannot contain the fresh wine of the coming new age.

The question for the christian churches to answer is: Have they vision enough, have they courage enough, have they spiritual vitality enough to reappropriate, reanimate and reapply the neglected social gospel of Jesus? Have they courage enough to leave the outworn shell of a sinking, self-condemned, economic system to seek and find and possess themselves of a new and a better one wherein their ideals and principles may freely come to flower and fruitage in the more abundant life of the Kingdom of God on earth?

A. D. Weage.

To the Dome of the Capitol at Washington

White dome of a free people's majesty,
Lifted in faith and aspiration high
Against the morning and the midnight sky—
Crown of our Union, law, and liberty
Raised by a dream of Man's equality!—
Here is our gleaming helm, our sentinel
Of Vision Splendid, sounding like a bell—
Or eloquent, or flat, from sea to sea! . .

Behold you now as Lincoln 'held you when
With melancholy passion he explained
The truth for which men died, as Jefferson
Conceived, forging a noble shield for men
To speak and live in freedom! . .
Not unstained
Time touches you, still shining in the sun.

Brent Allinson.

America Today

So vast, so glorious this land of ours,
There is no song half sweet enough to dwell
Upon its beauty. Every hill and dell
Proclaims its might. Its cities' reaching towers,
Its rivers, ports, its farms and natural powers
Are unexcelled; nor are there words to tell
The story of its growth. Our fond hearts swell
With pride who claim today its sunny bowers.

Protect it then, Oh people who have known
Its beauty on a gladder day than this
And let the principles for which it stands
Be more than words engraved upon a stone,
Your country needs you now, the hour is
Imperative, democracy commands.

Georgiana Bole King.

In Old Kentucky

Last Saturday a young man was shot three times in the back through the screen-door of a grocery store at Clemmons, Kentucky. In one hand he held a package containing a new suit and with the other he led his three year old son. The lad picked up his father's hat and said, "Come on, Daddy, let's go home." The assassin coolly gave himself up to the sheriff without fear of the consequences. It was his fourth killing and he had yet to be convicted.

Thus was added another case to the list of three hundred confronting the circuit court of Perry County, many of them having to do with manslaughter. The bloodiest of all is the case of the three men who murdered a crippled peddler for a thrill. Driving around in a taxi in search of excitement, they passed their victim hobbling along on crutches. Commanding the driver to stop they dragged the helpless vender under a bridge and mutilated him with their knives.

The night before I arrived at my new job in a coal camp in this county, a mob took a negro from the jail, escorted him in speedy cars to a neighboring county and hung him to a sapling. He had struck a white man on the head and while the lynching bee progressed he lay still unconscious in the hospital. Now the court is trying to convict four men for complicity in the affair. Failing to get a jury in this county, the judge has announced that he will secure one from another.

I had been warned that I was going to the land of six-shooter justice when I went to Southeast Kentucky. I fortified myself with a new insurance policy on my car and decided that should anything occur, the other fellow would be in the right. The taxi driver had a gun lying by his side in the front seat and in the drug store show case a fifty dollar pearl-handled automatic was on display. A friend across the Virgina line from Harlan County had been shot in the leg when reporting a labor conflict in that area. Only last week Harlan added another killing to its long list, this time a Mexican, done away with a shotgun. On the steps of the noted court house a deputy was shot down the week before.

One of the first things I noticed in the boarding house where I was to live was a neat little hole in a window caused by a bullet fired by a chance reveler on Thanksgiving Eve. Corn "likker" takes away inhibitions and makes the trigger finger more erratic, but the chemistry of the body would reveal something besides the numbing effect of alcohol. For those who settle their arguments with their emotions, *sans* reason, there is a constant use of secretions from the ductless glands which more effectively pickle one's rational faculties than gallons of the other. At the same time these busy-bodies poured into the blood prod the heart to quicker action, tone up muscles, and give to man all the brute animal traits possessed by his primeval progenitors. These little chemical soldiers, called hormones, tie the evolutionary scale into a tight knot so that insulin for human use may be obtained from a fish or an ox. And they are so potent that biological assay detects them in dilution, one to three hundred million. If something is to be done about the hump in the homicide curve in Southeast Kentucky something will have to be done to prevent people from giving vent to their feelings and "saying it with hormones" on the least provocation.

Coupled with the flow of hormones in the blood of the individual are the mores in society. These are the blank cartridges which cause the person to shoot ineffectually, or perhaps not to pull the trigger at all. They are social barriers erected with all the painstaking effort of biological selection itself. It is the anti-toxin poured into the blood stream of society. When the mores are flabby, as in this section, the hormones thrive, but where they are strong, one can turn the other cheek with impunity. The man who murdered his four, two whites and two negroes, had many loopholes through which to crawl, and the jury accepted his self-defense story. Whether they would this time, in spite of the fact that a year ago over on Grapevine his victim's brother-in-law had participated in a killing, remains an open question. Daniel Boone's gun in a museum over in Frankfort has fifteen notches cut in the barrel, but they were all Indians and there was no sheriff to plague him. To look at this ungainly firearm with the crude "D B" cut in the stock, and to travel the trails that Boone travelled is to gain some conception of the "gun-toting" psychology of his descendants. He and his comrades managed to take the Great Meadow, or happy hunting ground, away from those to whom it belonged, but they sowed seeds which did something for their children. Just as the pioneer shot first and asked questions later, so did the man who was defending his "likker" still or the numerical integrity of his family or clan.

It was Kentucky which really gave meaning to the term "civil war" for it couldn't decide which cause was just, and brother fought it out with brother as they always had in the past. When the World War came, the mountain counties followed their president into the melee with alacrity. One county, Breathitt, boasts of being the only one in the entire nation whose volunteer ratio kept ahead of the draft quota, thus making it unnecessary for any one to be drafted. One poor fellow, who boasted that he had killed more men than anyone in the county, couldn't go because of defective eyesight. His sound reasoning, that he could do the same thing to Germans, didn't convince the recruiting officer. His neighbor did go, however, and brought back as many medals as Sergeant York. His chief exploit was routing machine gun nests through his prowess as a thrower of grenades. As a boy he had hunted squirrels with stones. The after-war Klan swept over Kentucky like wild fire and fiery crosses lighted up the country all about the coal tipples. But it died suddenly when the commercial aspects became plain. Kentuckians knew how to deal with revenuers.

There are lulls in the excitements of creek hollers, company towns, and county seats. The body sets certain limitations upon brawls, even if the mind doesn't. There must be ways in which to drain off hatred and to forestall the flood of hormones. One must shoot at something besides men. One favorite sublimation is "a turkey shoot." Some entrepreneur invests in a stock of turkeys and ties them at a certain distance from the line where prospective marksmen stand with their guns. If they draw blood, the turkey is theirs. Those with special target guns are penalized by being charged more for each shot, or by shooting from a greater distance. Men like to roam over the hills with their dog and their gun and would never think of going fishing without a formidable array of artillery.

Boys are good marksmen at marbles and with their slingshots, and while the men enjoy cock fighting and fox hunting, the boys teach their dogs to scrap. An early morning pastime of children in a coal camp, waiting for the scrip window to open, is to pair off their hounds and work them into a fighting frenzy, for dogs also have hormones, and inhibitions. The little boy who saw his father shot down has graduated from the primary of the hormone school and joins the class with the little girl who heard her mother say of a neighbor woman, "If Saddie'd died, I'd 'ave killed her." She had left Saddie with a friend who in turn had left a can of lye too near to Saddie.

One shudders to see the number of guns standing around a coal office, just as he has a strange feeling when he meets a man with a gun on some lonely mountain ridge. Now that the Union has come into the coal camps and the company gunmen have gone out, it is problematical whether there will be more violence or less. With the miner feeling his strength as he never has before, one would think that there would be new trouble for old. But this hasn't happened—aggrieved workers do not say it with hormones, but tell it to their pit committee which goes to the big office and sits with the superintendent in long discussions. They no longer slink about with their grudge. They have been liberated from the animal plane when the bars were let down and they now exercise their gray matter along with their ductless glands.

The labor union may do for the mountain counties what the court could not do. Elections and juries merely enabled the hormones to be glorified in Sunday clothes. Guns blazed at the polls and Devil John Wright made a trip from Letcher to Perry County for the express purpose of disarming a defendant and his cohorts. An "x" marks the spot on the sidewalk outside the old State Capitol where a governor was shot dead. But the Union is no Sunday affair. It is the community in its own setting, speaking its own language, *sans* all legal technicalities. It is group against another group—each respecting the strength of the other as was never possible heretofore. Hormones there may be, but two honest fighters know that, when evenly matched, neither should lose his head.

HAROLD P. MARLEY.

The Study Table

An Epic of Expansion*

Flashing across the firmament of nineteenth century colonial expansion, like Halley's comet, Rhodes illuminates those dark heavens with a brilliance that still blinds our eyes. His life is inextricably bound up in the meshes of British colonial aggrandizement—that slow, relentless reduction of native states and foreign colonies before the "search for trade" juggernaut. He lived frantically in the few years allotted to him by a tubercular lung and a weak heart to win fortune for himself and Africa for England.

Rhodes is a splendid example of the mad combination of elements necessary to compound genius. He had a gift for acquisition. In 1871 he was beginning humbly by pumping water from the mines at Kimberley and carting in supplies; in 1888 he held a monopoly of the world's diamond supply, and had found time to matriculate at Oxford. His Goldfields Company controlled the yellow wealth of the Rand and shareholders in his Chartered Company were ever ready to buy up the bond issues necessary to exploit Mashonaland. He had a contempt for money—he could never tell just how much he was worth—and he sought money only because money meant power. Alfred Beit was Rhodes' partner in the Kimberley grab and remained his partner in all subsequent dealings; Rhodes acquired powerful friends much the same as he acquired money.

After having gotten the wealth of South Africa in hand he was ready to realize his dreams of empire, and we find him marching steadily toward the North through Bechuanaland, Matabeleland, Mashonoland (later Rhodesia); overcoming both human and inhuman obstacles; adding land and wealth to England's glory, until the fiasco of the Jameson raid in the Transvaal and Krueger's obstinate Boers brought ruination.

His last few years—he died in 1902 at the age of forty-five—were spent in a mighty effort to regain his lost reputation, and in some degree he was successful. When he died his acts became a legend that was told around the world. His last will provided for the Rhodes' Scholarships to continue to spread the English influence. "I gave to England an area larger than Europe," he said, "but all I get is six feet by four."

Mrs. Milin has done excellently with a tremendous subject, separating fact from fiction and sparing no one. Her book is the essence of realism; we can smell the stench of Lobengula's goat kraal and hear the roll of his signal drums; we grow weary along with Jameson's rabble while they march on Johannesburg, and we thrill with the beauty of Grote Schur; we glory in Rhodes' triumphs, and we share of his despair. Mrs. Milin, being a South African born and bred, knows whereof she speaks.

LYLE CORS.

*Cecil Rhodes, Sarah Getrude Milin. Harper's; New York; 450 pages.

America's Agony**

Probably no other period ever exercised the book world as has the Civil War, with the result that, across our consciousness, now gallops a picturesque procession of Napoleonic generals, dogmatic statesmen, frenzied financiers, hostile hosts—all recreating vividly a martial pageant perhaps unrivaled in the annals of the world. But Professor Cole, defying en masse these previous treatments of the great conflict, has woven for his spectators an enormous social-economic tapestry of America's agony, whose lights and shadows, if less melodramatic, are far easier to view, and whose motif is the impact of Armageddon upon America's *masses*. Almost the only such panorama in existence, one may believe, it merits immeasurable attention, the more so since its pictured travail birthed the colossal America of today, whose disorders (and attempted remedies) at present engross the attention of the whole wide world.

Margined by the years 1850-1865, Professor Cole's fabric moves in sprightly pasquinade between those invisible scrolls, displaying in its transit a bygone epoch with all its tarnished splendors: the pageant of the packets; the Gargantuan growth of the railroads (binding both East and West against the day of destiny); an incubus of factories, transforming the North into a corrupt commercial empire; Labor massing its

**"The Irrepressible Conflict" (1850-1865). By Arthur Charles Cole. Macmillan, 1934. $5.00.

motley armies; the farm triumphant; the depressions of 1854 and 1857 with their (by now) familiar roster of wreckage, revolt, and recovery; the disturbed South, ensconced uncompromisingly amidst its Egyptian grandeurs; the Mormon majesties at Utah; the struggle in Kansas for the silver West; the sinister inrush of immigration, arousing the Know-Nothings; America's myriad-porticoed pleasure palace; a mushroom flowering of education, at a sturdy gesture from Horace Mann; *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* society's gay dance on the invisible abyss—followed by the final appearance of the mighty fissure of 1861, rending the Union asunder in all its extremities, plunging the Old Regime into its final agonies, during which the kaleidoscope of common life turns merrily on, still displaying by turns a thousand and one facets of America's spirit and the tempo of her rhythm.

Such are the warp and woof of Professor Cole's remarkable tapestry—an economic portrayal of America's agony—a work that does very much for *that* Armageddon what Mark Sullivan has just achieved for her participation in the World War. Not that the military aspects of the catastrophe are at all neglected: they are there, in all their trumpet trappings, from the preliminary clash in Kansas down to the final test of arms on the flodden fields of Gettysburg and the Wilderness. But they are softened, subdued, subordinated to the *motif generale*: the economic advance of a mighty people, even in the throes of bearing a new order; and their comings and goings upon a continent. Wherefore, over generals with their clangorous cavalcades, the affairs of everyday life claim precedence. Literature in the persons of Whitman, Lowell, Melville, Hawthorne, marches side by side with History as Motley and Feminism as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Victoria Woodhull (not to mention Philosophy masquerading as Emerson and Thoreau); while fantastic secret societies flaunt their ritual, rowdies their ale mugs, and prostitutes their petticoats, beside such accomplished *virtuosi* as Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman, to the voluptuous accompaniment of the Spanish ballet and the tantalizing undulations of Lola Montez. Grander orchestration (since music insistently intrudes itself upon this prose tapestry) is provided by the sonorous strophies of *the Irrepressible Conflict* that, rising at last by slow degrees to an awe-inspiring crescendo, achieve an epic crisis—which, in warlike thunder, finally passes away, leaving a sorely chastened country, preserved in name but disunited in spirit, with many somber Reconstruction years preluding its final emergence as the tumultuous throbbing world empire of today.

ROBERT SCHALLER.

Elizabeth the Queen

England's Elizabeth, Augustus of her Golden Age and heroine of more romantic biographies than one cares to recall, finds a magnificent outline interpreter in Mona Wilson, whose short swift strokes at once realize the lineaments of the great Queen* and portray her unrivaled epoch, in a painting worthy of place in the Appleton gallery beside a long line of illustrious predecessors. This amazing princess, then, dual-souled and many-sided beyond any other English sovereign, passes in review at full length across the vast canvas of her age; nor is any notable event lacking, or any significant detail omitted, whereby we may know her. Girlhood; preliminary tribulations; accession; empery; vicarious flirtations; Leicester; a long duel with Philip of Spain, ending in the overthrow of his Armada in 1588; Essex's conspiracy and downfall (adding yet another Shakespearean touch to this Renaissance pageant, already darkened by Mary Stuart); the final subjugation of Ireland—all culminates in the gradual decline of Elizabeth, from an overlordship both by land and by sea and a throne built upon shattered empires, to an old woman, neglected and alone, dying by inches before her counsellors' eyes—and passing by equal stages into an immortality of legend. Such is the scope of Miss Wilson's work; those who desire further proof of its excellence are invited to draw nearer and examine its many minutiae for themselves.

A personal portrait, to be sure: less concerned with its Renaissance background (though that is satisfactorily blocked out) than with the peculiarities of a princess and her people, the two subjects being so closely interwoven as to preclude separation. Emerges from the marriage modern England, its sea-power, its commerce, its piety, its perfected respectability. London in the sixteenth century, metropolis of this emergent empire, lives and moves before one's eyes, dominated ever (like the picture as a whole) by its dowager mistress—who moves her stately way amidst a ferment of art, commerce, religious fervor, and intrigue. Intrigue (one arrives at the word!)—her royal palace as its center, she weaves spiderlike her web broadcast throughout the world; and its filaments stretch from Whitehall to Cape Horn, Scotland, south Germany, Rome, Paris, Lisbon: thronged with flies as was ever Talleyrand's, out of it all she fashions the fabric of a nation, leaving that nation to posterity as her reign, her creation, and her monument.

Her monument! Those who assisted Elizabeth the Queen in this stupendous task cluster close about her throne, a veritable galaxy of glory: Burleigh, Walsingham, Leicester, Davison, Whitgift, Gresham, among her counsellors; Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Howard, who massed her naval array; Shakespeare, Marlowe, Dekker, Webster, who dramatized her dynamic state and made her reign proverbial in English history. Nor is a full accompaniment of Elizabethan pageantry in any ways wanting. Something more might be said: but little more need be said. Miss Wilson has done more than merely add another notability to the Appleton gallery—she has sketched perhaps the best picture of Elizabeth that our literature of prose painting possesses. The work is done, and well done: so much so that the spectator willingly echoes the epitaph of Cromwell, set by the artist at the very bottom of her masterpiece: "Queen Elizabeth of famous memory—we need not be ashamed to call her so."

ROBERT SCHALLER.

*"Queen Elizabeth." By Mona Wilson. Appleton. $1.50.

The Scourge of Hastings

William the Conqueror,* scourge of Hastings and moulder of England's destiny, is a recent Appleton evocation, the conjuror in question being Mr. Hilaire Belloc, of doubtful Napoleonic fame. Happily for the credit of a most estimable series, this prestidigitation far surpasses his previous attempt: and the result is a spectacular pageant of eleventh-century Europe.

Prefacing his performance with Hastings itself, Mr. Belloc, with an almost staccato swiftness, lifts the

*"William the Conqueror," by Hilaire Belloc. Appleton-Century 1934. $1.50.

curtain on the youthful training of his hero (set against a sonorously assembled background of decaying Rome, inrushing Mohammedanism, and resurgent medieval despotism); his orphan impotence, overshadowed by feudal protectors; his victorious vindication as ruler of Normandy over his vassals at Vale-des-Dunes; his ruthless romance with Matilda; his first visit to that England already doomed to his domination; a couchant consolidation of his Norman realms, preluding the day of destiny; Harold's ascent to the English throne, summoning to arms the protagonists in this war for a world; Harold's illusory victory over Tostig and the Danes; the setting sail of Duke William's invincible Armada; and then—The Scourge of Hastings, where the Mighty Norman sabre clashed with the Saxon battle-axe—and shattered it, giving England's throne over to the audacious conqueror, and her spirit, amidst blood and fire, to the ineffaceable impress of the Gallic seal.

This thundering climax reached, Mr. Belloc gives us a lyrical descent of Norman looting—in his chiaroscuro, contrary to William's wishes. His coronation follows, with accompanying pageantry and pillage: then a brief return to Normandy to display his grandeur; after which, broils within his newly-acquired kingdom constrain him to return to it with the resultant crushing of Hereward the Wake and the last remnants of resistance. Next William turns his attention to strengthening the ecclesiastical fabric throughout the islands (grateful gesture to a Papacy which had blessed his channelward sails); while a Domesday census, plus a rough reorganization, prelude the last and greatest of this rugged Norman's struggles: war with his nominal sovereign, Phillip of France—a conflict whose concussions and reverberations echo (one may fancy) down the cathedral arches of History from William's death before Mantes, at curtain of *this* drama, with the issue undetermined, through the horrendous Hundred Years' War, the Valois-Hapsburg and the Seven Years' War, down to the Revolution and Napoleon.

A collosal theme, then, that of Mr. Belloc's choice—and admirable indeed has been his execution. As at the veritable magic wand, feudal society in its Homeric age rises before our eyes: we are made partakers in this immense eye-feast of war and panoply whereof William the Conqueror is master of revels: his keen intelligence; his tenacious will; his long fits of silence; his raven brooding; his somber planning, to blaze forth in the wrath that altered a world's destiny—these, to be sure, dominate the gathering. But the festal board is also lined with lordly guests: Robert le Diable and Arletta, sires of the Conqueror; Baldwin of Flanders, whose shadow hangs heavily above the host; Tallifer the Troubadour; Leo X; Canute; Lanfranc; Godwin of England and his barbarous brood, whose last scion, Harold, vies with the Conqueror for mastery of interest as of empire. Not succcessfully, however; for, at close of a spectacle at once lyric, poetic, philosophic, there lingers with us but one figure, that of William the Bastard, first of England's outstanding foreign rulers, and, without doubt, greatest of all who ever sat her throne or swayed her scepter.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

Correspondence

War Debts and World Unity

EDITOR OF UNITY:

A newspaper headline of June 4 states that "Britain defaults payment of war debt . . . U. S. advised of suspension of further instalments . . . world repercussions feared."

The body of the dispatch goes on to say that "the British note, in answer to a due bill sent to Great Britain on May 25 by the State Department, declares that to attempt to pay the full sum due would necessitate action by the British government to collect from its own war debtors, which would throw a bombshell into the European arena which would have financial and economic repercussions over all five continents and would postpone indefinitely the chances of world recovery."

Political and economic organization are one and the same. No statesman will deny this. Why, then, if the nations are economically interdependent, as the British note emphatically states—if finance and industry are international and the ruin of one means the ruin of all—why, I ask, do the nations cling to the obsolete and pathological doctrine of national sovereignty?

If the prosperity of one nation is vitally dependent upon the prosperity of all other nations, and if the expansion of individual life and happiness keeps pace with the extension of association and law, why do not our statesmen organize society on a world-wide cooperative basis? One law, one sovereignty, one loyalty, one common aim for all mankind—this would serve the highest interest of all nations, of all individuals. Unity is life! Dissociation of the component parts of an interdependent organism can lead only to death!

Obviously, if the war debts due the United States are to be paid, our tariff barriers must be broken down in order that the debtor nations may obtain a favorable trade balance. They must sell more than they buy in our markets, and apply the favorable balance on their debts. If we will not allow them to do this, then let us, for our own interest, stop this stupid and economically illiterate ballyhoo about "making the debtors pay."

Supposing we allow the debtors to acquire trade balances through the years sufficient to meet the war debt payments in full—would this be in accord with justice, which is morality, which is reciprocity, which is the Golden Rule?

It has been estimated that if the debts are paid, according to the present agreements, it will represent the effort of 470,000 workers for substantially sixty-two years. This would involve the exploitation of, and tyranny over, two living generations of innocent people, who were not responsible for the debts, by a dead generation guilty of sinking the ship of civilization in a flaming sea of blood, riot and ruin!

The enslavement of the living by the dead is the vilest of all tyrannies. Each generation has a natural and moral right to be born as free as the generation which preceded it. Let the generations pay as they go! Let them do justly by the generations which are to come!

The people of the Allied countries passionately believe that the United States has no moral right to ask repayment of those portions of our loans which were used for the prosecution of the war. The Allied peoples feel that the World War was a common undertaking against a common enemy—that the various Allies were fighting not for their respective interests alone but on behalf of all humanity.

Evidently the Allied peoples still labor under the

delusion that America went into the war to save liberty and democracy, to crush Prussianism and make the earth safe for honest men to live upon! But they should have learned long since that the pronunciamentos of statesmen are always garbed in political metaphysics and bear no relationship to concrete reality, nor to science, common sense or reciprocity!

In his message to the Italian people of May 23, 1918, President Wilson said: "With ever increasing resolution and force we shall continue to stand together in the sacred common cause."

Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "This is our war . . . England and France have protected us and fought our battles for us . . . they have protected us with their navies and armies, their blood and their treasure."

Even before America entered the war, Elihu Root said: "I am grateful with all my heart to those men who are fighting in the trenches in France and Belgium and Russia and Italy and the Balkans today for the liberty and peace of my children's children."

William Howard Taft eulogized: "England and France and Russia, since 1914, have been fighting the battle of the world, and fighting for us in America."

As to France, we owe our independence to her and her debt to us should have been cancelled long ago. In his public letter to George Washington, in 1796, Thomas Paine, Foreign Secretary to Congress during the Revolution, said:

"I have had, and still have, as much pride in the American Revolution as any man, or as Mr. Washington has a right to have; but that pride has never made me forgetful whence the great aid came that completed the business. Foreign aid—that of France—was calculated upon at the commencement of the Revolution. It is one of the subjects treated of in the pamphlet 'Common Sense,' but as a matter that could not be hoped for unless independence was declared. That aid, however, was greater than could have been expected."

R. J. WESTLAKE.

South Charleston, Ohio.

Appreciation

Editor of UNITY:

May I, at this time, thank those wonderful "co-operators" who, seeing my letter in UNITY some time ago, put my name and address somewhere in their note books and responded to my call for their issues of UNITY magazine, after they were through with them! Perhaps a few more of UNITY readers may be inspired to engage in this plan of service for our beloved magazine.

As I wrote previously, whenever any one mails me a copy of UNITY, I immediately address it to some influential man in a college or Divinity School, or to some prominent minister. I quote a letter from a minister who is influential in the work of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America:

> I cannot mention all the good things I receive from you, including UNITY. I must get around to subscribing for that paper. It gives me a slant that no other periodical does. It is so fertilizing and stimulating—if they would just print it on one side of the paper because every article I wish to keep has one on the other side of the paper that I wish also to keep! Those editors are the most creative and original and unhampered by conventional positions of any crowd I know. They fairly slash and smash a lot of our old concepts, prejudices, and creeds. They are not always right, but they start one thinking at an awful pace.

Here are thanks to all my good UNITY friends who, by mailing me their old copies, help circulate this little paper!

(Mrs.) HENRIETTE POSNER.

Rochester, N. Y.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 222)

sake. To be a Christian is to gain honor and reward.

(Again he reads.)

Ye shall not be as the Gentiles are, whose lords and rulers have dominion over them; but whoever would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all.

Nay, Nazarene, but thou *art* mad!

Not as the Gentiles? How else shall empires stand; without emperors and lords, armies to do their bidding and slaves to work for them?

(He yawns.)

Surely thou are but a vain dreamer, O Galilean, and a world that followed thee would travel to destruction.

* * *

Thus spake the strong man of Rome.

But ere long the Goths were hammering at the gates of the Eternal City.

—*Harry F. Ward,* in *Zion's Herald.*

Policy for India

Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose, in a press statement issued from Geneva, writes:

"It is necessary for us in India to distinguish clearly once for all between our internal and external policy. I am aware that the Indian National Congress has not yet developed its external policy, but if we are sincere about what we talk, we shall have to do so without delay. In the domain of our external policy, our own socio-political views or predilections should not prejudice us against the people or nations holding different views, whose sympathy we may nevertheless be able to acquire.

"This is a universary cardinal principle in external policy and it is because of this principle that today in Europe a pact between Soviet Russia and Fascist-Italy is not only a possibility but an accomplished fact. Therefore, in our external policy we should heartily respond to any sympathy for India which we may find in any part of the world."

After having read Mr. Bose's statement about the external policy he wants India to follow, one cannot help thinking of Poland—and wish that Mr. Subhas Bose would do the same.

When Poland in the 18th century subsequently "responded" to the sympathy of her different neighbors, Prussia, Austria and Russia, these three, who ordinarily were enemies, in 1772 became friends. In complete harmony they agreed about dividing up Poland for Poland's sake to secure Law and Order. And in 1793 two of the sympathizers, Prussia and Russia, again agreed about taking another piece and two years after, all three of them put an end to what was called Poland.

The only consolation Poland got did not come from her three sympathizers but from J. J. Rousseau. Asked for his advice he sent the following message: "If you cannot prevent them from swallowing you, at any rate beware that they don't digest you."

For those of us who sympathize with India, it is only natural to try to arouse the same feeling in others. This sympathy is already strong among the few who have knowledge of India's culture, its languages and art, its religions and its philosophy. In all other people it must be aroused by an appeal on a more general human basis.

This appeal must be addressed to their sense of justice. We must enlighten them as to the injustice that has been perpetrated against this ancient and highly enlightened people of culture—as to how foreign dominion has, for 180 years, checked all development, deprived the people of their independence, by means of systematic and absolute contempt, and furthermore, has brought want and misery, hunger and disease to Gandhi's "silent millions."

We must make it clear to them what colonization means, no matter what power it be that colonizes; how the main principle of all colonization is a brutal neglect of the well-being and the interests of the people who own the country, inhabit it, and live on it, to the benefit of the conquerors, whose interests are almost always the direct opposite of those of the inhabitants who have to buy the foreigners' wares dear and sell their own cheap.

We must arouse the sympathy of the world with India on the basis of a sense of justice. We, who don't recognize the right of any nation to oppress and exploit another people—another race—must seek to awaken among others the same resentment at all that is called colonization that we, ourselves, feel.

The injustice of no colonizing power is greater than that of England towards India, where 350 millions of Indians suffer under the dominion of 46 million Englishmen. On this foundation sympathy must be aroused and based. On this basis all we who have not set profit in the place of justice, can unite in sympathy with India—in all countries, throughout the world. We are the natural allies of India, on a basis of justice. This public opinion which we are trying to raise is not without significance. Gradually, as the judicial basis of human society is weakened by autocratic finance, or by the dictatorship of the government, public opinion becomes more and more important. Many times, lately, has it stepped into the place of justice, has held its own against injustice, and freed those who were threatened.

All the world knows of the case in Meerut (in India) in which the English judges were forced by public opinion to retry the case with the result that all the sentences were reduced and Hutchinson, the Englishman, and 8 of the Indians were acquitted.

This judgment was an admission that English judges in India had kept 9 people in prison for four years whilst the case was pending and had furthermore condemned them to 3-4 years' hard labor for no offense at all—only because of their communistic or socialistic views.

Everybody knows that it was public opinion that forced the German Minister, Göring, not to carry into effect the threat he had flung in the face of Germany's Highest Court of Justice at the trial connected with the burning of the "Reichstag." It was due to the fear of the anger public opinion would have raised against him, that he did not appoint himself Judge of Dimitroff and the two other Bulgarians in the place of the Highest Court of Justice.

Only few of the leading Indians realize the importance of public opinion raised in the West to the advantage of India. Only few take into account the support they can obtain for their justified demands from those who still stand, the world over, on the basis of justice. Many of them seek—like Subhas Bose—sympathy, wherever they can find it, no matter on what grounds.

The Indians can expect no sympathy from those who have set their own profit in the place of justice, those who do not recognize the injustice which has been done to India and the other colonies. They do not know the resentment against injustice, and the sympathy for the oppressed. Still less can Indians expect anything from people who, themselves, perpetrate the same injustice against other people and races whom they have subjugated and exploited as the English have the Indians. How can their sympathy with India be determined on principles of justice and humanity!

When they declare their sympathy with India, as, for example, Mussolini did at the Oriental Conference in Rome, this is an expression of something absolutely different: of business interests, profit-speculation, envy of mighty England, which for 180 years has monopolized all the profit from this huge and enormously wealthy country,—for lust of power and national boasting. The Indians take this for sympathy or, perhaps, they do as Subhas Bose, they welcome it, from whence it comes. And, on the other hand, they write articles full of admiration for Mussolini, who hangs Arabs in Tripoli and strikes at every attempt for liberation on the part of the Arabs with—if possible—still greater brutality than the English use in India.

By their alliances with other colonial powers the Indians abandon the principle of humanity and of justice,—that which is the rock bottom of all their own struggle for freedom and the right to liberty. That they do so is explainable. They need all the sympathy they can get; but even sympathy can be bought too dearly. They see England as their oppressor and enemy and ally themselves with England's enemies. They overlook the fact that England and its enemies, so far as the Colonies are concerned, are only enemies in the same way as a pack of wolves which have fallen upon a lamb. They all want the entire lamb. And so they snarl at one another and bite. They give no thought as to how things go with the lamb; this is only the prey they fight for. Any alliance between the wolf and the lamb is unnatural, unthinkable.

So far from obtaining anything, they lose what they could gain by other means. Instead of allying themselves with the enemies of England, they should choose their allies from among those nations of the world who are ill-treated by other powers as they themselves are badly treated by the English, from among all the classes who are exploited by those in possession, like they, themselves, are exploited by the English, and the possessing classes in India. This is a natural alliance—the alliance of the suppressed against the suppressors—a union on the basis of humanity and justice — of all the suppressed against all the suppressors supported by all men of all nations who still preserve a sense of justice.

And which they end to dividing among them as the three sympathizers of Poland.

ELLEN HORUP.

Geneva, Switzerland.